

A PAGE FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GUESS THE NAMES OF THE PUZZLING BIRDS



Guess the name of the bird that is woven in looms,
The bird that is coined out of gold,
The bird that is flown at the end of a string,
The bird that is useless when cold.
The bird that is wise and can see in the dark,
The bird that is fastened with spikes,
The bird that is honored on Thanksgiving Day,
The bird that the President likes.

These birds are very puzzling, but if you really try hard you will be able to guess the name of the bird described by the verse. The first bird, the one that is "woven in looms," is Duck. The other birds are equally well known. When you have guessed them send the answer to Box 2,000, Station E, New York city. Twenty prizes will be given. If you win you may choose an animal target, pair of roller skates, fountain pen, box of water color paints, silver bracelet, football, baseball or a box of writing paper on which is pictured

LITTLE NEMO, of the Comic Section.

bar of one flying trapeze, one catching the other flying trapeze at the risk of his life and the third remaining up on the top trapeze, where he took up a position of perfect ease.

The little man on the left hand trapeze had one foot wound around the middle ring and one resting easily in the space next to the bottom. Abe occupied the same position on the middle trapeze and the third gymnast, on the right hand trapeze, had one foot wound around the bar next to the bottom and the other resting in the very bottom space.

Tommy looked at them steadily in an endeavor to find out what they really meant. "Oh," he said at last, with rather an injured expression of countenance, "you're all of one mind anyhow. You needn't be so scornful, Abe, and your friends. I don't think the things I mentioned are as bad as all that." "But in spite of Tommy's remonstrance Abe and his friends still remained in the dangerous position into which they had first fallen and refused to change their minds about it the least little bit. "I suppose," said Tommy, still somewhat reproachfully, "that you are like Aunt Alice and want me to do my music lessons perfectly instead of giving mamma any other present. Aunt Alice always

out a moment's pause as soon as Tommy finished speaking and came down in a twinkling, clapping their feet together and looking at Tommy significantly.

For the first time since they had arrived two of the gymnasts came down on the same trapeze, while the other little man leaped madly to and fro from one of the flying trapezes to the other, without pausing a moment on either.

After looking at them a moment Tommy decided that this third gymnast meant nothing at all, but was merely enjoying himself for the time being. The other two gymnasts were both posed on the stationary trapeze from which the flying trapezes hung. Abe stood first in line with one foot resting on the very bottom space and the other foot in the next space from the bottom. The other gymnast had one foot wound around the bar next to the top and the other foot resting in the top space.

Tommy gazed at them steadily. "Oh," he said, suddenly enlightened, "why, yes, perhaps—they would. That is just what Aunt Alice said when mother admired Aunt Marcella's pink hat roses."

The gymnasts bowed their heads as if they knew all about the conversation on the subject of Aunt Marcella's pink hat roses.

"Well, then," demanded Tommy, looking at his visitors gloomily, "what am I going to give her? I should like to know. You don't like anything I've suggested. Now it's your turn to think of something."

The gymnasts evidently felt themselves capable of the responsibility, for, laughing heartily at Tommy's gloomy looks, they jumped up, turned a number of surprising somersaults and came down, each on a separate trapeze.

One of the gymnasts swung himself

gaily on to the left hand trapeze—most precariously, it seemed to Tommy, for his whole weight hung on one foot, which rested in the second space from the bottom. Abe himself had struck a most re-

markable posture on the middle trapeze, for one foot stuck out in the rear and wound itself around the middle bar; the other foot rested in the top space. One hand reached down to the space next to the bottom, and the other hand grasped the bar next to the top.

The third gymnast, who had jumped on the remaining trapeze, swung to and fro with careless ease, one foot wound around the bar next to the bottom, the other foot in the space below that, and steadying himself easily by a hand in the top space. Tommy looked at them all three in turn. Then he laughed aloud in his delight. "Just the very thing!" he shouted. "and I know

you must have fallen asleep while you were getting dressed."

Tommy looked up, confusedly, and saw his Aunt Alice bending over him. "You know," she said, "it's your mother's birthday to-day, and if you'll hurry and get dressed I'll go down town with you before school to help you buy her present. Have you thought what to get her?"

"Yes'm," said Tommy; "a head bag."

"Why," said Aunt Alice, "that is a good thought; it's just the very thing, Tommy. I know she'll like it and she'll be so pleased to think you thought about it yourself."

"Only," said Tommy, looking gratefully

over at the bar of sunlight where the gymnastic apparatus had been, "Abe really helped me."

But Aunt Alice never knew who "Abe" was. She supposed he must be one of Tommy's playmates, and, somehow, Tommy never could tell her.

THE MEDAL FOR THE WEEK IN THE YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' CONTEST has been awarded to Frank Atkinson, No. 434 West Forty-seventh street, New York city, for his drawing of a young man. Those whose contributions entitle them to a place on the roll of honor for the week are:—

STORIES.
Frank Samuel Edwards, No. 126 Court street, Brooklyn.

DRAWINGS.
Ruth Burg, No. 446 West Fifty-third street, New York city; Frank Atkinson, No. 434 West Forty-seventh street, New York city; Amelia Goetzinger, No. 308 Third avenue, Astoria, L. I.; Palmer Inglis, No. 235 Derrom avenue, Paterson, N. J.; and Howard Layden, No. 46 Second place, Brooklyn.

POEMS.
Florence Block, No. 12 East Ninety-sev-

Fish Puzzle Prize Winners.

Miss Katie Hepenstal, No. 151 Eighth avenue, New York; John B. Winter, No. 146 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.; Carl Ryder, No. 1,094 Prospect place, Brooklyn; Charles Berk, No. 24 Verona avenue, Forest Hill, Newark, N. J.; Fabel Bryant, No. 883 Jennings street, Bronx, N. Y.; Emily Lambert, No. 119 West 129th street, New York city; Marion Mentzinger, No. 246 Hewes street, Brooklyn; K. Stewart, No. 209 East Twenty-seventh street, New York; Florence Ritchie, No. 339 Fifth street, Brooklyn; Donald Affleck, No. 218 Warburton avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.; Florence Buckley, No. 964 St. Nicholas avenue, New York; Warren Wright, No. 254 Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn; George Mohan, No. 223 Adelphi street, Brooklyn; James Donaldson, No. 119 Hamilton street, East Orange, N. J.; John Fanning, No. 410 West Fifty-first street, New York city; Robert Whitmyer, No. 120 West Seventeenth street, New York city; Helen Stephenson, Bayport, L. I.; Ben Woods, No. 28 West Twelfth street, New York city; Mollie Casasart, No. 1,378 Lexington avenue, New York city; Caroline C. Johnson, No. 87 High street, Yonkers, N. Y.; E. H. Leggett, No. 8 South Allen street, Albany, N. Y.; and E. V. D. Wessmore, No. 314 State street, Albany, N. Y.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S NAME PUZZLE.

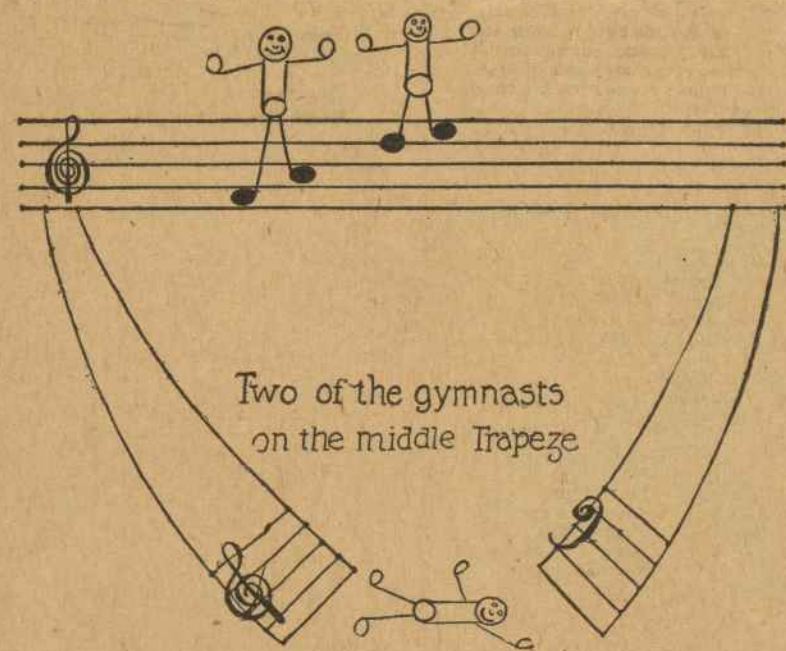
Guess the boy that's a garment worn under the coat, —Dickie.
The boy that's the beak of a crow, —Bill.
The boy that's a sailor aloft or ashore, —Jack.
The boy that's a light, loving blow, —Pat.
The boy that's a notch in the blade of a knife, —Nick.
The boy that's a jerk of the head, —Bob.
The boy that's a wooden tub, small at the top, —Kil.
The boy colored light yellow red, —Sandy.



BY ALICE LATIMER.

THOMAS WORTHINGTON PAGE had gotten up particularly early that morning. It was his mamma's birthday and he was very anxious to get some time all to himself to go down town to buy her a birthday present. There was a lot of money in Tommy's iron bank and he was sure that if he could only get it and go down town by himself he would be able to get something very attractive. There was time enough to go before school if he got out of practicing his piano lesson. That was why Tommy had gotten up so early. He knew that if Aunt Alice saw him he never would be able to get away without practicing that piano lesson. Tommy would have liked Aunt Alice to help him out in his shopping, but he

in amazement, for, to his surprise, at the very end of the bar of sunlight, there appeared a peculiar gymnastic apparatus, such as Tommy had seen once before when Abe, the music rack gymnast, had first told him what his name was. The apparatus consisted of two swinging trapezes, each of which was of five bars, placed at equal distances apart. One trapeze was marked with a huge sign that looked not unlike the capital letter S when it is written. The other bore a sign like a big C. Both of these trapezes hung from a higher trapeze, which was stationary and which also had five bars at equal distances from each other. This central trapeze was also marked with an iron sign that looked like a capital writing S.



says that mamma would be better pleased for me to do my lessons right than with any gift I might get for her."

The three gymnasts looked decidedly bored at Tommy's suggestion and shook their heads in an emphatic negative. "Well, I'm glad it isn't that," said Tommy, greatly relieved, "for I do think that is awfully stupid."

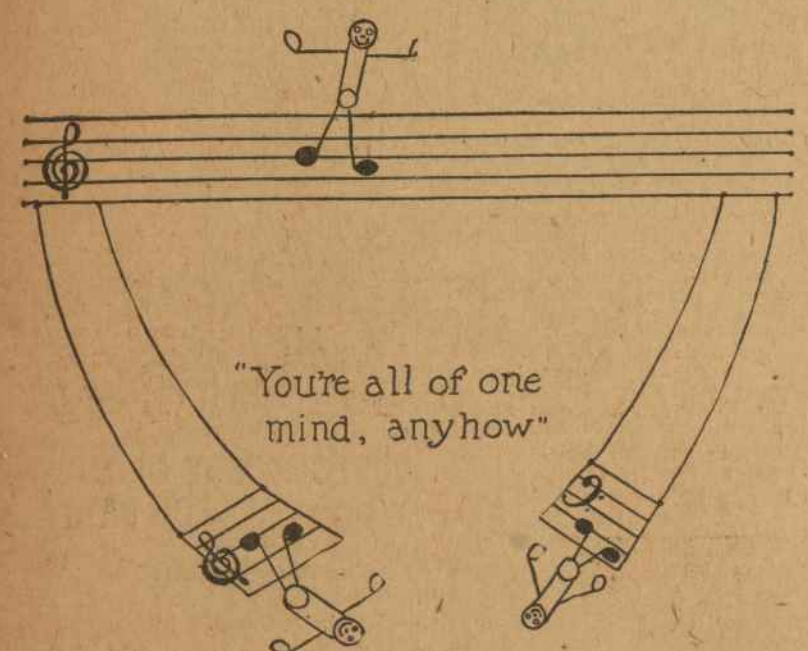
The three gymnasts nodded comfortably, as if they agreed with every word Tommy said.

"Perhaps," their host suggested, after thinking very hard for such a long time that one of the gymnasts went sound asleep on top of the bar and even Abe

markable posture on the middle trapeze, for one foot stuck out in the rear and wound itself around the middle bar; the other foot rested in the top space. One hand reached down to the space next to the bottom, and the other hand grasped the bar next to the top.

The third gymnast, who had jumped on the remaining trapeze, swung to and fro with careless ease, one foot wound around the bar next to the bottom, the other foot in the space below that, and steadying himself easily by a hand in the top space.

Tommy looked at them all three in turn. Then he laughed aloud in his delight. "Just the very thing!" he shouted. "and I know



had rather neglected his piano practice for some time, and Aunt Alice was so discouraged with his lack of practice that Tommy disliked the idea of asking any favor of her.

"What shall I get?" muttered Tommy, pausing in the midst of pulling on his stockings to consider. "It's very hard choosing for a lady." He gazed abstractedly at the rays of sunlight falling through the lace curtains and stopped pulling on his stockings for a moment, while he tried to find out about the peculiar effect the sunlight was having on his eyelashes. It seemed to be tangling them up in a most peculiar fashion. He tried hard to untangle them, but the effort made him very weary.

"I wonder," he murmured drowsily, "if she would care for a fishing pole." Then he stopped abruptly, while his face grew very red. He was overcome with confusion. "It could be strictly a lady's fishing pole," he added hastily.

"Oh!" cried Tommy gleefully! "Why! I believe Abe is going to pay me a visit!" Before he had finished speaking the music rack gymnast came sliding down to the queer gymnastic apparatus on a big ray of sunlight that came from the window. The little man kissed his hand to Tommy and bowed low. He was followed by two other men, and all three were dressed alike in their tight-fitting suits of black jersey and white waistcoats. The little men all smiled and bowed to Tommy and then leaped up into the air and came down, all on one foot, on the gymnastic apparatus as if to signify they were ready for business.

"I was just saying," explained Tommy, "when you came in that perhaps mother would like cologne or a frying pan for her birthday."

He looked at the gymnasts hopefully as he said this, for somehow he expected them to help him out.

Nevertheless, he was very much surprised when, with a look of disdain in his direction, the three gymnasts with one accord leaped into the air, one coming down and landing dangerously near the bottom

yawned a little, "perhaps she would like a bunch of pink roses for her hat. Aunt Marcella Mowbray has a bunch of very pink roses in her hat, and mother admired them very much after Aunt Marcella had gone the other day. I never got any but roses, but I suppose I could get them down town. I do believe," continued Tommy, looking at the gymnasts anxiously, "that a bunch of hat roses would be the very thing."

The gymnasts jumped into the air with

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